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OF PLAYS**

**The Day that Lincoln
Died**

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**WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
BOSTON**

NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

— Season 1925 —

AMAZON ISLE

By Frederick G. Johnson

A joyous farce of gay adventure, in three acts. Six males, six females, and any number of extra people. Scenery, one interior and one exterior. Playing time about two hours. A perfect blend of laughter and excitement. A Chart showing where pirate treasure is buried is mysteriously stolen from Jack, and he and his sweetheart Rose learn that it has equally mysteriously come into her father's possession. Not only that, but the old gent is fitting out his yacht for a cruise to the South Sea Islands. Determined not only to win the girl, but the treasure as well, despite her father's bitter opposition, Jack hurls a ringing defi in his teeth—and then the chase begins. How the opposing factions reach the island of tomtoms and wild women, how they are received by the Amazon queen and her strange tribe of female savages, how they hazard life itself in the quest for gold and jewels, how Jack appears as if from the grave, how the coveted hoard at length reveals itself, and how—of course—Jack forces old Cyrus to say, "Bless you, my children," make up an evening of real thrills, presented in hilariously funny fashion. "Amazon Isle" is a roaring farce, mixed of the laugh ingredients known as sure-fire. It gives unusual opportunity for colorful staging at little or no expense, introducing a funny dress ball in the first act and a band of Amazon savages later, thus admitting any number of extra people as well as the twelve principals. Speaking parts are all good. Cast includes blackface comedian, rube comedian, rube soubrette, and others, in addition to the leads. It is no exaggeration to say that this play averages a laugh every twenty seconds. Royalty \$10.00 for each performance. Price, 50 cents.

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By Laura E. Richards

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BAKER'S PLAYS, BOSTON, MASS.

The Day that Lincoln Died

A Play in One Act

By
PRESCOTT WARREN
and
WILL HUTCHINS

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1912

The Day that Lincoln Died

CHARACTERS

SQUIRE ROCKWOOD	aged 60
GEORGE ROCKWOOD, <i>his son</i>	" 22
EZRA MIDDLETON, <i>Mrs. Rockwood's brother</i>	" 50
BUD WILDER	" 16
LAWYER BRADLEY	" 50
SUSIE BRADLEY, <i>his daughter</i>	" 20
MRS. ROCKWOOD	" 55

TIME.—Late forenoon, April 15, 1865.

Plays thirty minutes.



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The Day that Lincoln Died

SCENE.—*The front yard of SQUIRE ROCKWOOD'S place, a short distance from a remote village in Maine. On R. is the front porch of the Rockwood house. The back drop shows the fields. At L. is the walk leading to the road to the village. At L. front, L. I E., is a large oak tree, around the base of which is built an old-fashioned circular bench.*

(The curtain discloses MRS. ROCKWOOD busily brushing some very much worn stripling's garments, and hanging them to air on a line strung along the porch, humming snatches of a hymn-tune. SQUIRE saunters in from R. rear, and stops in front of porch. He has a stick in his hand, which he continues to whittle.)

SQUIRE. Think them'll fit him now, ma? He's bigger'n he was.

MRS. R. He's grown past all belief. But he's got to wear something, ain't he? He can't go on wearing that uniform the rest of his natural life.

SQUIRE. Wa'al, he's worn the uniform for four years now, and nobody's got a better right to it. If it was good enough for him to wear when he shook hands with Abraham Lincoln, I reckon folks up here can stand it for a spell. Mighty becomin' too, I call it.

MRS. R. It may have been becomin' once, but it's kinder shabby now.

SQUIRE. Wa'al, I cac'late your duds would look kinder shabby if you'd hoofed it from Atlanta to the sea.

MRS. R. It was certainly too shabby to wear down to the village, seein' people he hain't seen for four year. Does seem as if he might 'a' stayed with his own folks, the first morning home.

SQUIRE. I guess, ma, he's kinder proud of it. Anyhow,

he'll be back pretty soon ; said he was only goin' down the road a piece.

MRS. R. (*looking up with alarm*). Did he ?

SQUIRE. Yes.—Maybe he wanted to see some one particular.

MRS. R. Susie Bradley, like as not !

SQUIRE. Like as not.

MRS. R. Does seem as though he'd have more sense than to go trapsin' down there, after the way Lawyer Bradley always treated him. As much as told him to keep away once.

(SQUIRE *crosses and sits on stool in front of porch*. MRS. R. *sits on step and pares potatoes*.)

SQUIRE. They was younger then, ma. A gal grows up between sixteen and twenty, and I guess George thinks a sergeant's uniform'll take him most anywhere, now. And besides, whatever he may 'a' done once, 'Tom Bradley ain't a-goin' to slam the door in the face of any man who was sent for to shake hands with Abraham Lincoln, even if the feller does get a peep at his precious daughter.

MRS. R. I guess she ain't any more precious than my boy. There ain't a girl in Maine that's good enough for *him*.

SQUIRE. They's some pretty good girls in Maine, ma ; and seems as if I remember my ma used to have some such notion about me. I guess if she'll have him, you'll find Susie Bradley'll do.

MRS. R. Wa'al, mebbe she will ; but I just can't bear to think of Lawyer Bradley's havin' a chance to turn him out again.

SQUIRE (*mollifying her*). Now, Martha, Tom Bradley's level-headed enough to know the difference between a man of twenty-two who's shown his mettle, and a boy of eighteen. He ain't got no high and mighty notions about Susie. He jest showed his good sense in not lettin' a girl who was scarcely out o' short dresses git too fond of a young scalleywag with no very bright prospects.

MRS. R. Prospects ? When he knows that George is goin' into his Uncle Ezra's new bank just as soon as ever he can start it, he won't say no more about prospects.

SQUIRE (*shutting his knife with a click, and pocketing it*). Maybe he will and maybe he won't.

MRS. R. Now what do you mean by that ?

SQUIRE (*rising and crossing to L. front*). Maybe he'll say he don't care much for them kind o' prospects. Maybe he'll

say he'd rather see his daughter married to a farm-hand than to a man in the bankin' business with an old skinflint copper-head like Ezra Middleton.

MRS. R. Caleb! He's my own brother!

SQUIRE (*sitting under tree*). Oh, I was only sayin' what Tom Bradley would say, and he ain't the only one who would say it, neither. Ezra hain't never been very brotherly, Martha. (*Advances to C.*) And to bring up that mortgage business last night, right in the midst of the great joy God gave us of seein' our boy again—I can never forget that.

MRS. R. No more can I, Caleb. That was downright cruel. But money's all he's got to care about; no home, no wife, no children. And if it hadn't been for the war —

SQUIRE (*crossing to porch again*). Oh, yes. That's allus his talk. If it hadn't been for the war we'd have had a telegraph line into town, and a railroad 'stead o' staging it up twenty miles from Bangor. If it hadn't been for the war he'd have started his bank years ago. If it hadn't been for the war I'd have made a lot out of the money he lent me to put into that mill with him. It's on account of the war, he says, that the mill wa'n't never ever finished. But he's got the money and the mortgage too, and now he'll have the property—the old Rockwood place—if we can't pay the interest when he comes back to-day. I tell you, Ezra Middleton has made more money, twice over, since the war began, than he would have made if they hadn't been no war.

MRS. R. Wa'al, he seems to want to do the right thing by George, takin' him into the bank right away; and he hain't got no one else to leave his money to. If George will only be nice to him. I thought some of the questions he asked him about the mortgage last night was real impudent, but Ezra seemed to like it. I do hope George will try to be nice to him.

SQUIRE. That's pretty hard,—bein' nice to Ezra Middleton; you found it kind o' hard yourself last night.

MRS. R. Yes, I did, until he began to shine up to George. We've just got to make George see that everything depends on startin' right with his uncle.

Enter GEORGE ROCKWOOD, up L.; SQUIRE rises to meet him by tree.

SQUIRE. You don't look very cheerful, George. Did you see anybody—in particular?

GEO. (*coming down C.*). No, dad. I wanted to see Lawyer

Bradley, but they told me he was driving up this way. Has he been up here?

SQUIRE. Ain't seen him.—Suppose you didn't see Susie? You wouldn't 'a' got back so soon.

GEO. No. She's with her father.

SQUIRE (*drily*). Terrible! Terrible!

GEO. Oh, I didn't go to see her. I had business with him.

MRS. R. (*coming down from porch; with concern*). Now, what kind of business could you have with Lawyer Bradley?

GEO. Oh! I had business, all right.

MRS. R. George,—you ain't going to say nothin' to him about Susie,—quick as this?

GEO. Well, I guess not! Guess I'd better talk to her before I talk to him.

SQUIRE. That's what I allus did. I generally found that was the best way. (*Sits on bench at L.*)

MRS. R. (*reprovingly*). Caleb! (*To GEO.*) Wa'al, what was your business, then?

GEO. Mother, it was about the mortgage. I want to find out if that was all fair and square. It don't seem right for him to get everything, and us get nothing. I've got the money to cover the interest all right.

SQUIRE (*rising in surprise*). You've got the money?

GEO. Yes, I've saved nearly a year's pay. But I won't pay him unless Bradley says I've got to. He won't get the old place to-day, anyway.

SQUIRE. But, George, why didn't you —

GEO. I didn't say anything about having the money last night, because—well—because I thought I could use it better for something else.

SQUIRE. What for, George?

GEO. Well, I got a notion I wanted to study law.

MRS. R. (*advancing to him*). Oh, no, George, you must go into your Uncle Ezra's bank. It's a great chance for you. Besides, there's nobody to study law with here but Bradley, and he wouldn't take you. So you'd have to go away from home again.

GEO. I know it, mother. That's what I needed the money for. But I suppose I'll have to go into the bank now. (*Turns away resignedly; then bravely.*) I guess maybe that will be better, anyway.

MRS. R. That's a good boy, George. If you'll be nice to him he can do ever so much for you.

(*Sound of wheels outside.*)

LAWYER BRADLEY (*outside*). Whoa! Here, Susie, you hold the reins. (*Enter BRAD., L. GEO. steps in front of tree, looking toward the road.*) Good-morning, Squire! (*Heartily; then diffidently.*) Good-morning, Mrs. Rockwood.

SQUIRE. Good-morning.

MRS. R. (*curtly*). 'Morning.

BRAD. (*coming down c., seeing GEO.*). Why, hello, George! I heard you'd come home.

GEO. Good-morning, sir! (*They shake hands formally.*)

BRAD. Let me see, this is the same hand that Lincoln shook.

GEO. Same hand, sir.

BRAD. See to it that this hand is never guilty of any deed unworthy of that great honor!

GEO. I'll try, sir.

BRAD. (*dropping the hand; jocularly*). How was the President when you saw him last?

SQUIRE (*who has been looking out to the road*). George, you go out and hitch the horse and ask Susie to come in.

(*GEO. looks inquiringly at BRAD., who nods assent. GEO. goes out to L.*)

BRAD. (*mollifying her*). George is looking first rate, Mrs. Rockwood. He's grown some, too, in spite of Sherman's chasing him all over the South. I hear the boys in the village are getting up a little shindig for him.

MRS. R. (*proudly*). We're awful proud of George, and his Uncle Ezra's asked him to go into his new bank. George will give him his answer this morning. (*Goes back on to porch.*)

BRAD. Oh! Is that so?—H'm — (*Turns to SQUIRE.*)

SQUIRE. Well, Bradley, what's the news down to the village?

BRAD. Not much news, Squire. Except—er—Middleton's cutting down the big pine on Widow Baker's pasture lot, down on the Bangor road. Foreclosed, you know, last week. Started cutting at sunrise this morning.

SQUIRE. What's he cuttin' down the big pine for?

BRAD. For fire-wood. Says he'll get two years' taxes out of it.

SQUIRE. Well, ain't that a shame? That pine's been settin' up on that knoll there for five hundred years sure. Why,

folks comin' over from Bangor won't know when they've got to town, without that big pine settin' there to tell 'em. I'm sorry about that. I'm sorry.

(Walks to rear of stage.)

BRAD. *(following him up stage)*. Squire, I came up to see if you would spare me some potatoes. They're getting scarce down to the village. You had a good crop last year, didn't you?

SQUIRE *(coming down)*. Yes, sir! I had a fine crop. They're pretty good 'taters, too. Come and look at 'em.

(SQUIRE and BRAD. exeunt to R. MRS. R., with a knowing look toward the road, goes into the house.)

Enter GEO. and SUSIE BRADLEY, L.

SUSIE. What are you looking at me so for, George?

GEO. I guess it's your hair, Sue. Guess I never saw it done up before. How long have you been doing it that way?

SUSIE. Oh, ever so long. But how big you've grown! What are those stripes on your arm for?

GEO. That's a chevron, Sue. Shows I'm a sergeant.

SUSIE *(attempting a military salute)*. Oh!

GEO. Oh! you don't salute a sergeant! I'm only a non-com.

SUSIE. Oh! a non-combatant? Did Lincoln know that when he sent for you? *(GEO. starts in disgust.)* Oh, I knew better than that, George! That was wonderful! Tell me about it. Your father let me read some of your letters,—but that one was so short, and you must tell me everything about it.

GEO. I'd rather tell you than anybody else, Sue,—if you want to hear it.

SUSIE. Of course I want to hear it, George.—I—I—I—I—

(She sits under the tree. GEO. sits behind her to c.)

GEO. You—what——? Sue, do you mean that you cared?

SUSIE. Of course I cared,—*(cooly)* the same as all your friends did.

GEO. Oh,—only just the same?—I thought—perhaps—it might mean more—to you.

(A sound of heavy hoofs outside.)

BUD WILDER (*outside, L.*). Whoa, General Grant! Hello, Sergeant Rockwood!

SUSIE. Oh, that's Bud Wilder.

Enter BUD, L.

BUD. Hello, George! (*Sees SUSIE.*) Oh—ex-cuse me!

(Drawls.)

GEO. Hello, Bud! (*Rises and shakes hands with him.*)

BUD. Where's the President? Heard he came along with you.

GEO. No, I had him stay in Washington to sign some papers. Expect to hear from him soon, though. Think he's going to appoint me Commander of the Army of the Potomac. But (*sitting on bench again*) say, you're quite a feller, Bud! Why didn't you come down and help us out? How did you manage to dodge the draft?

BUD. No, siree! I didn't dodge no draft! I tried hard enough to go. They wouldn't take me.

SUSIE. Yes,—he put on a pair of his dad's long pants and walked way over to Bangor and tried to enlist. (*To BUD.*) What was it they told you over there, Bud?

BUD (*with great dignity*). They told me they didn't need no more men.

SUSIE. Oh! no they didn't. They told you to go home and split the wood and fetch the mail for our ma!

GEO. Oh, fetch the mail, Bud? Say, you might fetch us our mail if you're going in time to meet the noon stage.

BUD. Oh, I can take a hint when it's thrown at me. (*Starts to go, but turns back.*) Say, George, it must 'a' been great to be right in them fights and git the news before it happened. We don't git yesterday's news till the noon stage comes up with the Bangor *Whig*.

GEO. It didn't help much to be in the fights. Sometimes we thought we'd won and were ordered to retreat.

BUD. Retreat! Gee, they wouldn't 'a' got me to retreat! I'd 'a' told 'em I didn't know how. That's the kind of a feller I am!

GEO. Well, I'll show you how right now. (*Turns him squarely by the shoulders.*) About face! Retreat!

BUD. Oh, gee! All right, Sergeant. (*Goes.*) I guess you two can worry along without me, anyhow.

GEO. Oh, Bud! bring up our paper, won't you? And if that letter from the President is there, w'y I'll let you bring that, too.

BUD. All right, Sergeant! I'll fetch everything. [*Exit.*

GEO. Well, he's gone! (*Sits again.*) Susie, didn't you care more—oh, a little more—than the rest?

SUSIE (*cooly*). W'y—why should I——

GEO. I was thinking of you all through those four years, and thinking of you gave me courage—and hope that I might do something to prove myself worthy of you. And when the colonel, that night at roll-call, asked for a volunteer for an extra dangerous duty, it was you who prompted me to offer myself. I did not know what service might be required of me, but I did know that no task could be too hazardous to undertake for you. Don't tell me now that it meant no more to you than to the others.

SUSIE (*with a slight gesture of restraint*). I was—proud of you, George—and prouder still when Lincoln sent for you. Why, there isn't another girl in Maine who can say, as I can say, that Lincoln sent for my—my——

GEO. Your—what, Susie?

SUSIE. My—my——

GEO. Do you mean—your beau?

SUSIE (*looking up at him unaffectedly*). Yes (*pause*), and father was so pleased when he heard that you met Lincoln. He worships Lincoln. Tell me, what was Lincoln like?

GEO. Like? He wasn't like anything. He was just all bigness and kindness. (*During this speech SQUIRE, BRAD. and MRS. R. saunter in quietly, and catching the spirit of the speech remain attentive, grouped about the porch.*) When I came in he was sitting there, talking to a couple of generals, but looking just as plain and simple as—my own father. Then the orderly said, "Sergeant Rockwood,"—and he began to stand up slowly and to straighten out. He walked over to me standing there kind of embarrassed, growing bigger every step, until I knew that he was the biggest man God ever made. Then he held out his hand to me. It was the strongest hand I ever gripped,—not hard and set but firm and masterful, and as gentle as a woman's.

SUSIE. What did he say to you?

GEO. Just simple words; seemed like the same words anybody would say, but oh, so different! He said he was glad to see me, and shake my hand, and I said I was glad to see him too; and then we both smiled, and I found myself looking right into his eyes, and he looked so tired, awful tired! It seems I could see into his eyes for miles, and all the suffering of all the war was there, and all the sorrow in every home, North and South. And his mouth was so big and kind and patient! I knew that no bitter word could ever pass those lips. He asked about my father and my mother,—he seemed to take a lot of interest in you, mother. Then he asked what I was going to do after the war, and I told him I was saving my pay to study law, and he said the law needed men who were brave and good, and he asked the generals if they thought I'd fill the bill, and they looked up at me and smiled, and said they guessed so, and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I'm sure he will." Then he thanked me for what I had done and told me to come and see him again if I ever needed his help. Then he asked me where I lived, because he said he must write to me and thank me for coming to see him. And so I came away. (*Pause.*)

MRS. R. (*to SQUIRE*). Do you suppose Lincoln will really write to him?

SQUIRE. I dunno. I hope so—but he's got a lot of other things to think about.

BRAD. I think he will.

SUSIE (*to GEO.*). And are you going to study law?

GEO. No, mother wants me to go into Uncle Ezra's bank.

Enter EZRA MIDDLETON from the road, L., surveying the party cynically.

MRS. R. Good morning, Ezra! George was just telling us what Lincoln said to him.

EZRA. Oh, some of Abe Lincoln's stories, eh? Had he been drinkin', George?

MRS. R. Ezra!

GEO. He was the soberest man I ever saw!

EZRA. Was he as homely as his pictures? Homeliest cuss I ever want to see!

GEO. No, sir! He was noble! Plain and awkward and old, like the big pine down in Widow Baker's pasture lot,—the one we can see so far away, so tall and lonely. He made me

think of that big pine, and I guess that's one reason why I felt so easy with him. When I saw it from the road last night, looming up against the stars, I could just hear Lincoln again, saying, "Men who are brave and good!"

EZRA. Wa'al! You'll never see that tree again. I own that lot now, and I had your "big pine" cut down this morning. Pine's worth money, these days, thanks to your friend Abe. He got the country into a peck of trouble with his niggers and his whiskey and his war!

BRAD. I guess the war hasn't cost you much, Middleton. Come, Susie, we must be going.

(SUSIE goes out.)

GEO. Mr. Bradley, I went to see you this morning on a matter of business. I'd like to talk to you a minute.

BRAD. What business?

MRS. R. George, not here, not now!

EZRA. Oh, it's about the mortgage, is it? Let him go ahead.

GEO. Uncle Ezra is going to foreclose to-day unless we pay the interest. What I want to know is, can he do it? Is that mortgage all fair and square? It don't seem just that he can get father's money and the place too.

EZRA (*taking the mortgage out of his pocket*). There's the mortgage, Bradley; look it over. (*To GEO.*) We'll just see what the best lawyer in Hancock County has to say about it.

(BRAD. *examines the mortgage briefly.*)

BRAD. It isn't just, George, but it's legal. Widow Baker was caught in this same trap, and the trap's a good one. Unless your father can pay the interest, your uncle can foreclose.

(*Returns mortgage to EZRA.*)

GEO. To-day?

BRAD. To-day.

GEO. Well, father can't pay it, but I can, and I will!

(*GEO. pulls out a bag of gold and counts it. He hands over to EZRA all but one piece which he holds in his hand.*)

EZRA (*taking the money and jingling it*). Good, George, good! But where'd you raise the money?

GEO. It's all I saved out of my pay,—all but this one piece.

EZRA. Did you have it last night? Why didn't you pay me then?

GEO. Because I wasn't going to pay it until Lawyer Bradley told me I'd have to.

EZRA. Good again, George! You'll make a first-rate banker! Don't you ever part with a red cent of the bank's money any easier than you did with this (*jingling coins*), and we'll get along first-class together.

(*Puts money into his pocket.*)

MRS. R. There, George, I told you everything would come out all right.

(*Village bell begins to ring.*)

SQUIRE. Twelve o'clock!

MRS. R. Dear me! And dinner isn't half ready!

(*She bustles toward the house.*)

EZRA. Martha, I want a glass of your buttermilk before I go.

MRS. R. (*from the door*). Go right in and help yourself, Ezra.

(*EZRA goes in.*)

BRAD. Well, I guess I'll take my potatoes and go along.

MRS. R. (*from the door*). Won't you all stay to dinner?

SUSIE (*running in*). That's not twelve o'clock! That bell is tolling, and here comes Bud Wilder like mad!

(*A sound of galloping hoofs draws near, and BUD bursts in breathless with blanched face.*)

BRAD. (*during his entrance*). That bell hasn't tolled for months. What's the news, Bud?

(*BUD shakes his head at BRAD., staggers to SQUIRE, hands him a paper and a large envelope, and leans against the porch with his face in his arms. SQUIRE opens the paper with trembling hands, glances at it, then controlling himself with an effort, speaks in a choking voice, as he removes his hat.*)

SQUIRE. Friends,—there is sad news,—to-day. (*All crowd around breathless.*) President Lincoln—has been—assassinated !

(*The paper and the envelope fall from his hands. The other men instinctively remove their hats. BRAD. picks up the paper and gives résumé of item.*)

BRAD. (*reading*). “President Lincoln was shot by an assassin in Ford’s Theatre at 8 : 19 last night. He died at three this morning.” (*A pause.*)

GEO. Oh, God ! Oh, God !

(*SUSIE goes to GEO.’s side and comforts him. EZRA comes from the house, and stands in the porch.*)

EZRA. What’s the news ? What’s all the fuss about ? What’s that bell tolling for ?

SQUIRE. Ezra, President Lincoln has been assassinated !

EZRA. What ?

BRAD. The President was shot last night, and died this morning.

EZRA (*coming down the steps*). Good ! That’s the best news I’ve heard since Bull Run !

GEO. Oh !

(*The company stands in horror for a second, then GEO. steps forward and knocks him flat with a pivot blow to the jaw. SUSIE, shocked, retires to left rear.*)

MRS. R. George !

(*GEO. retires to his mother’s side near porch.*)

BRAD. (*advancing and shaking his finger at EZRA*). There, you damned copperhead, take that ! It is the cursed reptiles like you that are to blame for this. You copperheads with your treachery and your treason, always stabbing him in the back, have done more to drag out the war than the brave men like Lee, fighting him squarely face to face. It’s you and your like who are guilty of this cowardly assassination.

(*EZRA writhes and shakes his fist at GEO.*)

EZRA. You’re done for, you puppy ! I’ll fix you !

(*He goes out, roughly helped by SQUIRE.*)

MRS. R. (*her hands on GEORGE's shoulders*). George, you've ruined us! You've spoiled your only chance!

GEO. Oh, no, mother—don't say that was my only chance. I'm going to stay here and work the farm with father. That's a better chance than working for the richest copperhead in the world.

BUD (*picking up letter and handing it to GEO.*). Here's the letter you were looking for, George.

GEO. (*looking at envelope*). W'y, it's from the White House.

(*Opens letter and reads to himself, visibly overcome.*)

SQUIRE. What does it say, George? (*GEO. hands the letter to his father and sobs. SQUIRE reads letter.*) "I did not know, when you so kindly came to see me, the whole of what I had to thank you for. General Sherman has just given me full account of your exploit, with more detail than I had known before, and more than your fine modesty volunteered. And now I am doubly grateful that you should have waited here two whole days to see me, when you were so impatient to get home to those you love. If I may presume upon my age and my experience to offer advice to a younger man, let me urge you to foster this courage of yours as the worthiest inheritance of your race. The victories of peace are won with no less courage than the victories of war. Bear your victories then with clemency, and your defeats, which will be many, without resentment. That quick impulse which prompted you once to volunteer for a task so hazardous that it could not be assigned in regular line of duty, must not prompt you another time to a less worthy deed. It may please your father and mother to learn that General Sherman will ask Congress to honor you, along with other obscure heroes of the ranks, with the simple medal engraved with the imperishable words, 'For Valor.' I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient servant, A. Lincoln."

MRS. R. Oh, George, you shouldn't have struck him. You were too quick.

GEO. (*remorsefully*). Don't, mother, don't! I know I was! Too impulsive and too resentful, and that's just what his advice was about. Oh! I made a great mistake.

BRAD. I think not, George. No man short of Lincoln himself could have heard Middleton say that without feeling just as you felt. Mrs. Rockwood and Squire, with your permission, I'm going to make George an offer myself, right now.

(*To GEO.*) George, suppose we begin to study law together tomorrow morning. (*SUSIE comes forward and puts her hand affectionately on her father's shoulder.*) Don't you think you'd rather be a lawyer like me than (*indicating EZRA*) a banker like him?

GEO. Yes, but we'd better start square, and I owe you a fee for your advice about the mortgage.

(*He takes his coin from his pocket and passes it to BRAD., who returns it saying.*)

BRAD. We'll call that the first fee of the new firm of Bradley and Rockwood. (*SUSIE's hand slips down into her father's hand.*) You'd better keep it. (*Turns to SUSIE at pressure from her hand.*) And Susie will be the silent partner.

CURTAIN

NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

— Season 1925 —

HONORS ARE EVEN

By Roe Cooper Megrue

Nine men, four women. By doubling of characters, the cast can be reduced to seven men and four women. Easy interior sets. A thrilling play of love, successfully produced at the Selwyn Theatre, New York City. The dramatic values of this play are fully and completely established by the fact, that it was written by the author of "It Pays to Advertise," "Under Cover," and other Broadway successes. The story will fascinate and delight your audience. "Honors Are Even", is one of those rare plays which costs little to produce, but which makes a most pretentious showing. First of all, Belinda Carter is a modern girl; lovely, beautiful, and the daughter of a steel millionaire. She is the target of all masculinity—proposals of marriage to her are as numerous as flakes in a snow-storm. She wearies of them. Along comes John Leighton, a playwright, who secretly falls a victim to her rare charms. But he is not of the marrying kind—he says so himself. The much sought after Miss Carter is perplexed by John's apparent disregard for anything in the nature of martial bliss and his seeming indifference to the marriage state. She becomes interested in him—interest progresses to admiration, and ripens into love. But throughout the progress of evolution, John continues in his frank avowal that marriage may be all right for others, but not for him. The pursuit begins on the sands of Atlantic City's beach—proceeds to John's bungalow a-top one of New York's skyscrapers, and culminates in the steel millionaire's home. This is a play of keen interest; a play of man against woman; a battle of love. For once, man triumphs, but not without the glorification of woman. Enjoyed long runs in New York and Boston, with the popular stars William Courtenay and Lola Fisher in the leading roles. Royalty, \$25.00 for each amateur performance—payable in advance of performance. Rights of production given only under our official contract. Printed books, 75 cents per copy.

ISN'T IT EXCITING

By Rupert F. Jones

A farcical interlude in two short episodes. Four males, one female. Time of playing, about thirty minutes. Scene, any simple interior. A wife loves the movies and a husband loves Darwin. She compares her spouse with Bill Hart, greatly to the disadvantage of the former, especially as to his handling of a gun. He decides to show her something, by expelling, at the mouth of a revolver, a friend to be disguised as a burglar. This would have worked out admirably had not a real burglar arrived first. Friend husband is finally left with a bad job of explaining on his hands. Quick moving, light in tempo, constantly entertaining, distinctly actable and well within the scope of amateurs. Price, 25 cents.

BAKER'S PLAYS, BOSTON, MASS.

NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

Season 1925

WHY NOT

A Comedy in three acts. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Four males, four females. One wimple interior set. Mr. Williams is fond of the play title that propounds a query. Some years ago he offered "Why Marry," which was awarded the Pulitzer prize as being the best American comedy of that year. "Why not" is in no sense a sequel, save that it does treat divorce with something of the same philosophic levity superimposed upon a soundly reasoned protest against existing divorce laws and the accepted conventions surrounding the correction of marital mistakes. There is an element of farce in this play which keeps it out of the "problem" class. It is a good-natured and above all a very sweet and clean treatment of a subject that is usually associated in everybody's mind with the most degrading aspect of human actions. It is a play about two couples, each with a child to think about, each with the highest religious ideals of conduct and each with the heartiest friendship for the other couple. But nevertheless there is the fact, plain to each, that a blunder has been made from the start, and that honesty and decency demands for each woman and at least for one man, an exchange of husbands. The whole problem of divorce is brought into discussion by means of a farcical situation which is by no means impossible, ceases to be a problem as soon as it is frankly faced, and when stated is at once seen to be a complete clarification of the lives of four people and their two children. It is a play to cause wholesome reflection as well as laughter. The Equity Players of New York count this play as one of their big successes of the year 1924. It ran for eight weeks to crowded houses. It appears in an abbreviated printed form in "The Best Plays of 1923-24," edited by Burns Mantle. It has the criterion of popular success, with the added value of high literary merit. A royalty of \$25.00 payable in advance, is required for each amateur performance.

Price, 75 cents per copy.

JERRY

By Celia E. Shute

A comedy in one act. Two males and two females. Scene, an easy interior. Playing time about forty minutes. Each character has a "star" part. It is a rousing comedy with a hearty laugh at every turn. It inevitably recalls the famous mix-up in "Charley's Aunt," and, while much shorter, is in its own way quite as funny. A family resemblance suggests an impersonation by a nephew of his rich old aunt who is supposed to have missed her train. This results in ridiculous complications when the Aunt turns up unexpectedly while the nephew is fooling the family. It is all good clean fun, with a happy ending, and is an unusual opportunity for smart acting. Price, 25 cents.

BAKER'S PLAYS, BOSTON, MASS.